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KURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XXXV. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1898. NO. 19

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Daniel H. Hastings.
Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
Secretary—James A. Beaver.
Attorney-general—Louis Wolf.
Auditor-general—James Latta.

JUDICIARY AND COUNTY.

Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State senator—Walter T. Merrick, Bloomburg.
Members of Assembly—Herman M. North, Jr., Bradford.
Prothonotary—Sheridan Gorton, Smethport.
Register and Recorder—W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—F. S. Clark, Bradford.
County Commissioners—Wm. A. Young, Smethport; Daniel Kane, Kane; Thomas F. Haggerty, Lafayette.
County Auditors—D. Weaver, Keating; Wm. Brossler, Eldred; Wallace Osterhout, Wm. Brossler, Jr., Bradford; A. W. Freeman, J. C. Cannon, Jr., Smethport; A. B. Cory, Coryville.
District Attorney—H. F. Cory, Coryville.
Clerk—E. K. Sherman, Crandall Creek.
Coroner—J. K. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—L. K. Hogarth.
Council—C. Young, President; Walter Gifford, Secretary; J. Culbertson, Treasurer; Carl Mayer, Harry Church, D. Hungerford, Chas. Daniels.
Justices—R. L. Knapp, W. Clark.
Constables—H. L. Burlingame.
School Directors—John Farnan, D. C. Young, T. A. Morrison, E. K. Hays, D. M. Stanton, L. W. Dunn.
Secretary—E. T. Daly.
Assessors—Francis Freeman.
Assistants—R. Mayo, John Eastman, Oscar Johnson.
Judge of Election—Carl Sage.
Inspector of Election—C. H. Burlingame, Jr.
Auditor—

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 365, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SHERIDAN GORTON, W. M.
W. F. SPENCER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 266, meets every evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Wild Rose Rebekah Degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
D. L. MAYER, N. G.
H. M. CROATS, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 251 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. M. CROATS, Scribe.

CYRUS BURNHAM LODGE, No. 51, I. O. O. F., meets Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
MAZIE DUNN, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 167, meets First and Third Thursday evening of each month at Rockdale, in the I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. E. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS. MARY L. WHITNEY, Pres.
MRS. EMMA FRENCH, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Key-stone Commandery, No. 77, meet 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in Backus Hall.
H. L. KNAPP, Rec. Com.
W. H. WETHERALL, Commander.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets every fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the I. O. O. F. Hall, Backus Block.
SHERIDAN GORTON, N. G.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. Hall, Back's Block.
WASHINGTON PARK, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

I. O. O. F.—Brown Mine, No. 44, Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA R. GIFFORD, Com.
Miss MYRTLE GIFFORD, R. K.

G. A. R.—Smethport Branch 32, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon at 2 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
Miss D. L. FORSYTHE, Pres't.
Mrs. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch No. 35, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
JONATHAN COLEMOVE, Pres.
Mrs. ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—I. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class meeting, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday-school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Monday evening. Devotional meeting at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., with a short sermon immediately after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Monday evening. Devotional meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12:00 m. every Sunday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Presbyterian—J. HERBE MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy communion first Sunday in each month at 10:30 a. m. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. Services every Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Rev. HERBE MCCANDLESS, Rector.

Swedish Evangelical Church—East Smethport. Rev. J. HERBE MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Sunday-school 3:30 p. m. Services conducted by the Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

South Colesburg Church—Rev. Michael ——, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Services at 2:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 1 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. ——. Services every Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Church of Christ—Rev. W. HUNSDON, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. and after evening preaching. Young People's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Second Church of Christ—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11:00 a. m., Sunday-school at 1:30 p. m. Gospel service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

H. H. Stone,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pomeroy Block, Bradford, Pa.

TRACY D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORNEY.

Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest formerly Keating & Co.'s situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Elk for sale.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. No. 7 Main Street, Smith Building, Bradford, Pa.

C. E. Judd
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Over 19 Main street, Davis Block, Bradford, Pa. Dec. 30, 1896.

E. H. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Are connected with long distance telephone.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

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Office: COUDERSPORT, PA.
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Shaffer & Shaffer,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Office in Sutherland Block. KANE, PENNA.

Edmund L. Ryon,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
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BUY A CHICKERING. . . . . .

It will cost you some money—all good pianos do. The difference is not so great, but the quality is beyond comparison. We exhibit all styles of Chickerings.

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The best cure is bottle of

Red Clover or Golden Star Pure Rye,

a powerful stimulant for the weak and just the thing for the sick room.

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EXTRA 6, the finest EXPORT Beer ever offered. If you go to war don't forget to take a bottle of courage with you.

FAMILY TRADE SOLISITED.
ALL GOODS GUARANTEED STRICTLY PURE.

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Nunundah Steam Laundry.

First-Class Work. Up-to-Date Prices.

I am prepared, having employed a practical laundryman, to do everything in my line. Family washing a specialty.

Laundry called for Mondays and Wednesdays and delivered when ordered. WORK GUARANTEED.

NEW NECKBANDS AND ALL NECESSARY REPAIRS ON LAUNDRY FREE.

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Office and residence in Rehfuss Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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G. E. Bennighoff.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 2 Main St., Bradford. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar are constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest styles. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
GEO. P. BABCOCK, PROP.
UNION ST., OPPOSITE PARK, OLEAN, N. Y.
Having taken possession of the above Hotel I am prepared to entertain my old friends, and new ones as well, in the proper manner. Come and see me.

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PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

Hotel La Mont
RECENTLY ENLARGED.
Fraley St., Kane, Penna.
RICK DONOVAN, - PROPRIETOR.
The LaMont is located four doors from the depot, and is equipped with all conveniences for the comfort of guests.

CROWELL HOUSE,
COUDERSPORT, PA.
WM. M. VANBUREN, Proprietor.
First-class accommodations.
Free Bus to and from all trains.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
CHARLES ADAMS, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a.
First class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

FARLEY CAFE,
HARVEY & ENGLISH, Props.
Union St., OLEAN, N. Y.
Having purchased the cafe, we have refitted and refurnished it throughout and are now prepared to serve the public in first-class style. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. Polite attention. Call and see us.

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First-class in every respect. Bar is supplied with the best wines and liquors. European plan.

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Opposite W. N. Y. & P. R. R depot.

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Open day and night. Ladies' dining parlor. Quick lunch for all trains. Meals at any time, 25 cents.

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New house, new furniture. First class in every respect. Particular attention paid to the traveling public. Good sample rooms for commercial men.

BARBER SHOP,
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Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
Shaving Hair and Dressing
In the latest styles of art.
None but first-class workmen employed.
Alfred Sturdevent, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

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Cut Flowers for Weddings, Parties and Funerals.
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FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
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EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS.
Is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.
Works Cor. Franklin & Water Sts.,
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EMIL THAMM,
TAXIDERMIST,
Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.
Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.
STOP AND SEE
Holder, the Grocery Man
Opera House Block, Smethport, Pa.
Who solicits a share of your patronage. FINE GROCERIES. LOW PRICES.

THE PLUNGING SEA.

I was born for deep-sea faring;
I was bred to put to sea;
Stories of my father's daring
Filled me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges;
I was cubbed beside the foam;
All my heart is in its verges,
And the sea wind is my home.

All my boyhood, from far vernal
Bourns of being, came to me
Dream-like, plangent and eternal
Memories of the plunging sea.
—(Bliss Carman in "Ballads of Lost Haven."

JERRY'S CHOICE.

"Now see here, Jerry," exclaimed Farmer Johnson to his man of all work, "ye needn't git uneasy just because old Podgers has offered ye a dollar a month more'n I'm payin' ye. I reckon I've got about as much money an' kin afford to pay ye about as much as Podgers kin or middle o' little more. "Yer a first-class worker, Jerry, I'll admit that, an' I don't want ye to be gittin' dissatisfied or thinkin' of diggin' out, so I'll make a bargain with ye right now before we go any further. If ye stick to me an' work as well ez you've bin workin' right along for the next two years, I'll pay ye the same as Podgers offered ye, an' at the end of the two years I'll give ye the best critter on the place. Yes, siree, Jerry, ye kin take yer pick of any critter on the hull place, from a sheep up to a horse, or even a giraffe or elephant, if I happen to have one of 'em on hand when it comes time to take yer choice.

"What d'ye say to that, Jerry? Is it a bargain?"

"I'll do it," answered Jerry Brant, quietly, "and there's my hand to bind the bargain."

"That's the way to talk; that's jest what I wanted to hear," exclaimed Farmer Johnson, grasping Jerry's extended palm and giving it a hearty shake. "Now that bis'ness is settled satisfactory to all hands an' we kin pitch into the work with clear consciences."

No further mention was made of the bargain between Jerry and his employer until they were seated at the dinner table, later in the day, and then Mr. Johnson, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, glanced across the table at his better fraction and said:

"Well, mother, I had to discharge Jerry an' hire him over agin to-day."

"You seem to be in very good humor about it, so I judge the difference couldn't have been very serious," commented Mrs. Johnson, who used to be a Yankee schoolma'am before she married, and therefore did not handle the United States dialect with the off-hand familiarity of her husband.

"Serious? Ye kin bet it is!" ejaculated Mr Johnson. "Why, I've got to pay him $1 a month more'n I did before, an' at the end of two years, if he stays right along, he's to have his pick out of the critters on the place to take along with him and keep for his own. I expect he'll take a horse, but I can't help it. I wasn't goin' ter let old Podgers hire him away from me, an' then go around chucklin' over it behind my back for the next six months."

"Mr. Podgers made an attempt to hire him, did he?"

"Yes, an' a purty nervy attempt at that. Offered him $1 more a month, but I settled the matter in a hurry by pitin' the best critter on the place on top of that. But if he stays the hull two years I reckon he'll earn it—eh, Jerry?"

Jerry blushed, and answered that he would do his best.

"Didn't you except my pony, papa? I really can't think of allowing Mr. Brant to run off with that, even if he does earn it!" exclaimed Farmer Johnson's pretty 18-year-old daughter, May, with a sidelong glance of admiration at Jerry's broad shoulders and manly features.

"Oh, Jerry wouldn't be mean enough to take the pony, I guess," interposed her father.

"No," said Jerry, "I don't want the pony—unless the rider goes with it," he added, sotto voice.

"Eh, what's that?" demanded Mr. Johnson. "Unless what? I didn't ketch the tail end of that remark, exactly."

Jerry's face turned crimson, and he was about to repeat his remark, when the quick-witted young lady came to the rescue.

"Mr. Brant"—she always called him by that title, because she considered it more becoming and dignified than Jerry—"Mr. Brant says he doesn't want the pony unless the bridle goes with it, I believe," she explained, ingenuously.

"Hah! I reckon a halter is all he'll get with her if he takes that pony. There won't anything in the critter's shape throwin' in a bridle," said Farmer Johnson.

"You needn't worry, father, I think Mr. Brant will be generous enough to spare me my pony," said May, reassuringly.

"Yes, you may keep your 'pony,'" agreed Jerry, with an undisguised glance of admiration at the pretty face opposite him.

May's eyes fell before his, but not until they had flashed back a look that caused his heart to beat high with hope.

The fact of the matter was that stalwart, good-looking Jerry had long admired his employer's handsome and accomplished daughter, but to-day was the first time he had dared to let her know it, either by look or speech.

After that, however, their acquaintance rapidly ripened and a few weeks later Jerry surprised Mr. Johnson by asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Mr. Johnson was engaged in the pastoral occupation of milking a cow at the moment this question was sprung upon him, and he nearly fell off the stool in astonishment.

"Want to marry my darter, May?" he gasped. "I guess not, young man! Not if the old gyrentlin knows itself. I've bin her fer nothin' higher than marryin' her father's hired man."

"Oh, if that is the only objection, it can easily be removed," interposed Jerry. "I don't expect to remain anybody's hired man after my two years are up. I believe I told you when I came here that I had just graduated from college, and intended to make the pursuit of architecture my life business, having a fair college knowledge of law, so as to be able to attend to the practical side of the business also. And at the end of my two years I intend to go West and buy a ranch and settle out for myself. As far as my education is concerned, I don't think I shall ever give your daughter occasion to be ashamed of me, and as to supporting her comfortably and in becoming style, I believe I shall be abundantly able to do so, and——"

"Can't help that, Jerry!" broke in Mr. Johnson. "I hain't gointer have ye leavin' May off jest because ye two young folks imagine ye're in love. A woman is a mighty queer an' unsartin sort of critter, anyhow, as ye'll find out soon enough when ye git hooked up in double harness for life with one of 'em an' if I was in yer place I wouldn't be in a hurry 'bout takin' a yoke of that kind on my shoulders.

"Anyhow, if ye insist on gittin' married in spite of my warnin', ye'll hafter pick out some other pardner besides the one ye've got yer eyes set on at present. My darter is goin' back to college next week to finish up her edjercation, an' when she gits through her schoolin' it will be plenty time enough for her to commence thinkin' about sich things. I don't forget ye by no means, Jerry, but I reckon ye might as well give up all hope right now of ever marryin' her. I like ye well enough other ways, Jerry, but I don't care for ye in the role of son-in-law. There, now, ye've got yer answer fair an' square, an' ef ye want to stay an' work out the balance of yer time, we'll drop the love-business right here, an' I'll treat ye as well as ever; but if ye don't care to stay under the circumstances it is all right, an' I shan't blame ye any for going. Now, which is it to be, Jerry, stay or quit?"

"I'll stay," said Jerry, quietly.

And stay he did performing his duties as conscientiously and thoroughly as ever, although the farm life grew suddenly horrid and dull when May went back to her college studies.

The months rolled swiftly around, however, as months have a habit of doing, until eighteen of them had been crossed off the calendar of time. Then May, as bright and winsome as of old, came home with her dimples and diplomas, and, though he did not even dare to look his admiration, Jerry was straightway transported to paradise.

Jerry's term of service finally expired, and he respectfully announced that the time had come for him to strike out in life for himself.

"That's so, Jerry," said Farmer Johnson. "I had clean forgot 'bout yer two years bein' up to-day. Want, I'll look over accounts an' settle up with ye after dinner, an' in the meantime ye kin be lookin' round an' sort o' makin' up yer mind which one of the critters on the place ye want. I believe ye was to take yer choice when ye quit."

"Well," said Jerry, promptly, "it won't take me long to make up my mind."

Here he stepped quickly across the room to where May was gazing disconsolately from the window, and whispered a question in her ear. For an instant her eyes met his; then she rose, with a smile, placed her hand confidingly in his, and together they faced her father.

"This is my first and only choice," exclaimed Jerry, with a ring of mingled pride and triumph in his tones.

"But ye can't do that—'tain't in the agreement. I said critter, not wimmen folks; an' I hain't gointer allow no such——"

"Just a moment, if you please, Mr. Johnson," interrupted Jerry Brant, drawing himself erect, with proudly flashing eyes, and still retaining May's hand. "Haven't I heard you allude to the women as queer critters, consarned critters, plaguey critters and I don't know how many other kinds of critters, during the past two years and upward that I have been with you?"

"Yes; I s'pose ye have," acknowledged Mr. Johnson, "but—er——"

"All right, sir," interposed Jerry briskly. "You promised me the best critter on the place, and this is the one I want—and the only one."

Farmer Johnson gazed at the handsome and smiling young couple before him in a half-indignant, half-indulgent sort of way for a moment; and then the latter feeling got the better of the struggle and he quietly remarked:

"Wal, a bargain is a bargain, an' I s'pose I'll hafter keep my word; but I say, young man," and Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled mischievously, "don't ye think ye sorter m ssed yer vocation, not bein' a lawyer instead of a farmer?"

How He Got the Right Expression.

"Thanks," said the tragedian, "many thanks for your good opinion. I always study from nature, sir. In my acting you see reflected Nature herself."

"Try this cigar," said an admirer of nature, reverently. "Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act?"

"From nature, sir, from nature. To secure that expression, I asked an intimate friend to lend me $5. He refused. This caused me no surprise. I tried several more.

"Finally I asked one who was willing to oblige me, and as he handed me the note I stuffed in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not what I wanted. It was alloyed with suspicion that the note might be a bad one. I took it to Delpair."

"Well?" said the other, breathlessly.

"Then an idea struck me. I received upon a desperate cause. I returned the $5 note to my friend the next day, and on his astonished countenance I saw the expression of which I was in search."

Peaceful Inventor of Dynamite.

Alfred Noble, the inventor of dynamite, who recently died, has been honored by a beautiful monument to his memory at Hamburg, erected by his friend, Max G. Phillip. It represents the final triumph of the humane, enlightening idea of peace over the rough and hasteful impulses of the world. It was Noble's greatest sorrow that the dynamite which he invented and devoted to works of utility was so commonly applied to the cruel purposes of war and anarchy.

Cat "Chemistry."

Don't keep a servant who neglects to wash the cat's dishes.

Don't whip a cattery against a wall.

Don't let a cat eat off a tin, zinc or [illegible]

Don't [illegible] the same vessel for the cat's drink.

Don't [illegible] cat to lie in a damp or [illegible]

[illegible] there is a cat in the house, it keeps away [illegible]

TO MY LEFT HAND.

I envy you your life of rest. You live in luxury.
You o'er enjoy the very best fates reserve for me.
You've never worked in all your life.
You've never known a care.
You've always lived apart from strife
—existence sweet and rare.

My right has e'er my writing done,
while you have stood aside;
You've had your full share of the fun,
and yet in peace abide.
You've never penned a line for me, nor
ever struck a blow,
And it is very plain to see you've never known a woe.

And yet, dear friend, I cannot say the
time will ever be
That there will be the dawn of day
when you're not dear to me.
My right hand is more useful, yes, but
prithee, do not pout,
You are a friend, I must confess, I cannot do without.

So here's to you, my left hand, may
you ever live in peace,
And may the joys that round you
stand forevermore increase!
Let others envy because your days are
passed in luxury,
And ever placed in happy ways,
you're mighty dear to me.

SHE SAVED THE DAY.

Jackson Smith had a hobby. He would stand at the foot of his table, carving knife in hand, while he enlarged upon the "soulless democratic times," emphasizing his sentences by brandishing the carver in air.

His next aversion to a democrat was an old maid. Indeed, the old maid was even more odious to him. The democrat he could forgive as being a fool, but the old maid was beyond pardon on any grounds. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing, and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or piecing quilts, while other girls were making merry. Sometimes Sarah wondered where her youth had gone, but, while she was 32, she could not recall having been young.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told Jackson his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself.

"I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had no chance—we've always kept her down," remonstrated his weeping wife.

He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come down to-morrow. There's money enough in bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Coggan, my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah.

"Mother, would he turn you out of the old home just because he hates me?" and Sarah looked incredulous.

The elder woman nodded; then Sarah kissed the round, sunburnt face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you—I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over." And putting on her pink sunbonnet she went out the back door. When some distance from the house she sat down in the shade of a tree, and while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice, she resolved to outwit him.

"There's Josh Mullin; he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty. Henry Hodge is home, but he drinks so that there's no dependence to be put in him." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. Yes, there's John Howard, but—" and her face grew pink—"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear-stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and giving a jerk to her sunbonnet she started down the path across the meadow.

John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern in his face.

"Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked.

"Yes; Dr. Brown says he can't live more'n two or three days, and—Oh, John, it's awful, the way he is."

"Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you—"

"Oh, you don't understand, John; he's going to leave everything to—to Jackson Coggan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed.

"You can't mean it, Sarah? Why—why that would be outrageous. What makes him talk of such a thing?"

"Because—because—I am an old maid; he hates all old maids," and her face grew pinker than the sunbonnet. John Howard shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—Oh, John, don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and—and—come up to the house and pretend that we are to be married—just until after the will is made—it wouldn't be so very wrong, John—not so bad as letting mother be put out of her home—" she caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was silent her pink face suddenly paled. "I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me; I couldn't see any other way. Good-by, John," she was turning away.

"Don't go yet Sarah. I—I think your idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp; he'd see right through it, but—if—if you would be willing we could drive over to Squire Hall's this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any, Sarah—we could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—you don't mind, John?" Her tone was eager.

"No, I don't mind; I'd help you any way I could Sarah. It's nigh noon now, I'll drive over for you in the [illegible] after dinner."

"[illegible] I wouldn't have [illegible] only—you understand [illegible] don't you?" Her face was red again.

"I understand it, Sarah. Don't [illegible]

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed at her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to business for us, mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is coming to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the west when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's.

"Will you come in, John, and stay about some? I'd—I'd rather you'd tell him if you don't mind," Sarah said.

John hitched the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson Smith and sat down.

"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would lose the most valuable possession you had—"

"It's the brindle heifer," interrupted Jackson Smith, his eyes snapping angrily. "John Howard, you think because I am on my deathbed that you can do as you please, but I'll show you. It's just like a rascally democrat to shoot a yearlin' heifer just because she jumped into your wheat. I don't expect anything better of you—the whole party is made up of thieves and cutthroats—but I'll leave it in my will. Jackson Coggan shall law and law until—" He sank back exhausted from his outburst.

"If you got that angry over the brindle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that I have not touched the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

"Married—Sarah!" and Jackson Smith's eyes dilated. "Married Sarah!" he said under his breath, "John, give me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walkers—her mother was a Walker. Sarah—married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. You needn't mind what I said about the democrats—I reckon you don't know better. Call Sarah; I want to give her the brindle heifer."

When the lawyer came the next day he wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter Sarah, who had gladdened the last hours of his life.

A few days later, with all due ceremony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah hurried.

"Will you come in, John?" she asked.

"I'm afraid it would only pester you if I did—I—reckon I ought to go home, but I hate to leave you—you women folks alone, and you'll be kind of lonesome now."

"You might stay. We would fix up father's room real comfortable if you would just as soon," said Sarah, beginning to realize the awkwardness of their position.

"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off of you women, and—and you might get to hate me if I hung around."

"You needn't be afraid of that, John," said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "It would be the easiest way out of our—our—dilemma; but if you'd rather not stay we could explain to folks how it was that you just married me to save the farm."

"But Sarah, if we told that it would be a lie. I took advantage of your trouble to get you married to me and you didn't suspect me, but now I feel mean, and as if you will not respect me when I tell you the truth." Sarah gazed at him in wonder. What could he mean, she thought, but no sound came from her lips, and he continued: "I've been trying for ten years to ask you to marry me, but I never could do it, and when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always loved you, but now I feel I can't stay unless—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.

"John!" Her eyes were open in wide amaze, and the face so lately tear-stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered."—Florence L. Holmes.

Railroads in China.

A missionary writing from China to a friend recently described the difficulties under which the newly completed railroads are conducted in that country.

Passengers in the first-class coaches, he said, exhibited so strong a desire to carry off various articles from the cars as souvenirs of their trip that the coaches were speedily stripped of those things that contribute to the comfort of the passenger. They took away with them hat and bundle racks, mirrors, lamp brackets, hooks, small tables, and even doors. They were considerate enough to leave the car frame and wheels. And the purloiners were Government officials and people belonging to the wealthy classes.

The stations along the railroad over which the writer traveled were rude sheds, very unclean and without a chair or bench. The cars, too, were very dirty. While this was especially true of the second-class coaches, which were often times crowded with half-naked, un-washed people, the first-class coaches also became very unclean in a short time. It soon became necessary to take out all the upholstery and replace it by plain seats.

When the railroads were being built reports were spread that the foreign contractors were stealing Chinese children and burying them in the roadbed so as to propitiate the god who rules over railroads. These reports greatly excited the people, and in one instance a mob attacked two missionaries near Peking and would have killed them had not a detachment of soldiers rescued them. Under guise of these reports children were really kidnapped and taken into the cities for immoral purposes.

Grip on His Grave.

A most extraordinary tombstone has just been erected in the cemetery at Lincoln, Kan., by an eccentric man named Henry Jacobs, in memory of his son, James Jacobs, who died in 1891. Mr. Jacobs wanted a tombstone out of the ordinary, and remembering that his son was of a roving disposition, he had a stone cut in the shape of an old-fashioned traveling satchel. On the plate in the center of each side is the name "J. S. Jacobs." Just above the name is this inscription: "Here Is Where He Stopped Last." Underneath the name is the date of death and his age. The stone is white marble and the base is a big bowlder, which the father hauled from his farm [illegible] ultimate.

THE MAPLE.

That was a day of delight and wonder,
While lying the shade of the maple trees under—
He felt the soft breeze at its frolicsome play;
He smelled the sweet odor of newly mown hay,
Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood,
And flowers in the garden that orderly stood;
He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow,
He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough;
And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach,
All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach;
Beside him the blackberries juicy and fresh;
Before him the melon with odorous flesh;
There he had all for his use or his vision,
All that the wishes of mortal could seize—
There where he lay in a country abyssian,
Happily, dreamily
Under the trees.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Franklyn had got tired of life in the country.

Of course, wild roses, strawberries and cream, and the song of blackbirds and linnets before dawn were very enchanting—but they had their balancing disagreeables. The gothic roof leaked under its braided greenery of wisteria vines and honeysuckle; the kitchen stood an inch deep in water whenever there was a little heavier rain than usual, and the half-mile walk from

...PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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Have You Thought of it?

It is to your advantage to purchase your shoes at home. Latest Styles. No trouble about fitting. No fancy prices to pay. Every pair warranted.

Patent Calf
Willow Calf
Russia Calf
Chocolate Vici
Black Vici

Footwear of all Kinds for

Men
Women
Children

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

General Merchants.

May 8, 1896. Smethport, Pa.

A Lasting Impression

is made by presenting your friend with your picture. But it must be a good one and to get a good one this is the place to come to. The light makes no difference—dark days just as good as bright ones.

If you want a good one or better figures than agents can give you call on or address

"IKE" GLEASON, The Post Graduate, Smethport, Pa.

"SHOES."

We will send to any responsible person SHOES to select from. We have everything in

Fine Shoes

in styles and quality that cannot be purchased in any small town. We make a specialty of FINE SHOES, every width and size.

BURT & PACKARD'S Korrect Shape Shoes for Men. We refer you to our many customers in Smethport.

R. W. Hendsworth & Co.,

Olean, N. Y.

SMOKE

The American Gentleman Cigar.

Don't take the "just as good" kind, but insist on the genuine article. No artificial flavoring. Nothing used in its manufacture but "pure quill" stock. For sale everywhere.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1898.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Look out for a wedding about June 1st.

—Now is the time to plant your silver-tine seed.

—The best of stationery at this office. Send in your orders.

—Epworth League convention Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

—Take note of the neat jobs that are being turned out from this office.

—At Kittredge opera house May 21st, Labadie's popular company in "Faust."

—Young's High-class Musical Novelty Co. at the opera house May 23d and 24th.

—The fires on South mountain last Tuesday night presented a magnificent sight.

—W. R. Rife has moved his family from Norwich to the Gimarcal house at Colegrove.

—The slight rain that fell last Tuesday night was a great benefit in checking the forest fires.

—Some very fine building stone are being brought down on the cars for the new glass plant.

—A. G. McAllister of Colegrove has moved into the N. T. Co.'s dwelling near the pump station.

—Do not fail to hear Miss Huntingdon and Dan Beddoe at the opera house Thursday, May 26.

—The hotel men of the county were in evidence here last Monday, all anxious to secure their licenses.

—That old-time favorite in Smethport, Labadie, will present "Faust" at the opera house May 21st.

—The closing entertainment of the Shrevlow Club series will be given at the opera house May 26.

—W. E. Grandine has made some improvements in the interior of his residence on Mechanic street.

—The MINER is unable to give the list of licenses granted and refused, as the court has not handed them down.

—Get ready to attend Young's High-class Musical Novelty Co.'s performance at the opera house May 23d and 24th.

—A fine lot of cement walks are being laid around the National Transit Company's pumping station at Colegrove.

—Remember that Tuttle's Big New Olympic Shows exhibit at East Smethport to-morrow afternoon and evening.

—Eloquent speakers and sweet singers will do their best to entertain you at the Epworth League convention. Everything free.

—The Mendelssohn Trio, assisted by Miss Katherine Huntingdon, soprano, and Mr. Dan Beddoe, tenor, at the opera house May 26.

—The sidewalk leading from the corner of Nelson and Cemetery streets to the cemetery is in a very bad condition and should be repaired before Decoration Day.

—The Epworth League convention convenes here this afternoon at 2 o'clock and continues until Sunday. Do not fail to attend as the exercises will be of a most interesting nature.

—The Iron and Oil league base ball season was inaugurated in Bradford yesterday, when the Olean and Bradford teams came together. The home club was by a score of 6 to 2. The same teams play to-day and to-morrow.

—Last Monday night, Brakeman of the B., R. & E. Ry. went on engine and several members with a crew of men to construct the switch for the new glass plant.

—The hard task spoken of in our letters from Mt. Gretna failed to reach their destination. Evidently some hungry postmaster along the route confiscated them.

—Dr. Wm. H. Crawford, President of Allegheny College, Meadville, at the opera house Friday night at 8:15 sharp. Do not fail to enjoy this treat at the expense of the Epworth League.

—John Sampson of Kane died at the poor house Monday afternoon, aged 72 years. His relatives were notified of his death but failed to respond and the remains were sent to Philadelphia.

—The Democratic county committee met at the Riddell House, Bradford, last Saturday afternoon. Primaries will be held Saturday night, August 6, and the county convention Tuesday, August 9.

—Mrs. N. A. Varney of East Smethport has moved her grocery stock into the building lately vacated by O. L. Bard and Mrs. May Bush has moved her restaurant from the Allen building to the one vacated by Mrs. Varney.

—The MINER is in receipt of the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association. It is a work of about fifty pages, profusely illustrated and replete with interesting matters relative to the propagation of fish.

—As nothing so mars the beauty of a town as a gang of hoboes hovering around on its outskirts, wouldn't it be a good idea for the Village Improvement Society to turn its attention toward the abatement of the tramp nuisance in Smethport?

—Edward Davis, who was operated on several weeks ago at the Bradford hospital for pus in the pleural cavity, is gaining slowly and the attending physicians hope for his ultimate recovery. This will be pleasing news to his many Smethport friends.

—D. C. Young, the enterprising Main street merchant, has adopted the style of advertising specialties each week. In selling these goods he puts the prices way down and endeavors to give everyone a bargain. Read his new advertisement this week.

—The Bradford baseball team defeated the Kane team at Bradford Wednesday by a score of 4 to 0. Herm Tull pitched for the Kane team. If his support had been good it would have been an even chance as to who would have carried off the laurels.

—List of letters remaining in Smethport postoffice for the week ending May 7: Miss Marie McCabe, Jno. McCarty, Sid McLaughlin, Rev. A. Ottoson, Mrs. Henry Prosser, Mrs. E. L. Webster. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—Miss Avis E. Smart, aged about 20 years, a teacher in one of the Renovo schools, was killed by the cars on Wednesday of last week while riding her bicycle from Renovo to her home at Westport. The deceased was a sister of L. E. Smart formerly of this place, now of Bradford.

—A forest fire burned a small trestle on the B., R. & K. near Mt. Jewett yesterday and the train from Kane was delayed. The management of the road with characteristic forethought brought home the Smethport pilgrims on the train that usually carries them as far as Ormsby.—Tuesday's Era.

—Last Wednesday afternoon a beautiful flag was flung to the breeze from the top of a 65-foot staff on the school house lawn. Mr. E. R. Mayo made a few patriotic remarks which were very appropriate for the occasion. A salute of one gun was fired and the exercises closed by singing "America" and "Marching Thro' Georgia."

—The leading citizens of Galeton, Potter county, are making strenuous efforts to suppress the nuisance known as "pig's ears" in that town. They are evidently meeting with success, for instead of making war upon the proprietors of these unnecessary evils they attack at the root by notifying the owners of the properties that these nuisances must cease. For the good of the town it is to be hoped that success will crown their efforts.

—The sawmill owned and operated by E. D. Whaley at McKean's Switch was destroyed by fire at an early hour last Sunday morning. Loss about $7,000; insurance about $3,000. McKean Bros. of this place, who own the stock at the mill, had about 500,000 feet of sawed lumber and 3,000,000 feet of logs piled in the yard and pond, of which only about 5,000 feet was destroyed. Mr. Whaley will begin the erection of another mill immediately.

—Genesee, Potter Co., was visited by another fire last Saturday, which came near destroying the Ewell Hotel. Great excitement prevailed and most of the citizens of the southern part of the town removed their household goods. Wellsville, twelve miles away, was asked for assistance and responded promptly, but the energetic work of the citizens had subdued the flames before their arrival. These fires are undoubtedly the work of incendiaries.

—Tuttle's Big New Olympic Shows will exhibit at East Smethport on Saturday, May 14, afternoon and evening. These shows have exhibited extensively for the last twenty years in Pennsylvania and the South, and carry a select aggregation of special features, amusing to both young and old. The admission has been reduced to 20 cents for adults, 10 cents for children. Don't miss seeing the Tuttle's Olympic. Ford's Plain, Saturday, May 14.

—Last Sunday afternoon one of our townsmen and his estimable better-half were out enjoying a drive. Out beyond the cemetery, on the Colegrove road, they met another rig, when suddenly and without the least warning their horse swung crosswise of the road and jumped into the board fence on the lower side of the highway. The buggy was overturned, throwing the occupants to the ground. Both fortunately escaped injury although the vehicle was badly wrecked.

—Our jolly and good natured sheriff was nearly done up with last Monday night. Charles Bates invited him to attend a private soiree before his honor the mayor on a charge of defacing telephone poles by posting notices thereon. When brought before that dignitary the only reply he would make to the charge was "I will settle." Of course everyone was profuse in tendering sympathy to our jolly sheriff but he is only watching for a chance to get even on the deal.

—Commencement exercises of Smethport High School were held at the opera house last evening. The house was packed, many persons failing to gain admittance. All of the exercises were good and showed careful preparation. The graduates were Sheridan Gorton, Miss Jessie Jones Bower, Ella Young, Ethel Gifford, Frances Campbell and Marie Jackson. In addition Mr. D. C. Young with a few words of good advice, presented the diplomas, and Principal W. P. Schuit made a very touching address to the graduating class. Their theses on the several commencement topics showed careful preparation and were

—Mrs. Ella Roberts of Austin, a daughter of Mrs. O. E. Keyes, received the news of the death of Lloyd Moore by telephone. Through a misunderstanding and a broken wire she thought it was her mother who was dead. She came to the place at once and on arriving at the house was met at the door by Mrs. Moore. The shock was very severe to Mrs. Roberts and it was some time before she recovered.

—Considerable excitement was occasioned at Ludlow yesterday. Messrs. Dies and Fuller killed an enormous black bear, which weighed 700 pounds. The animal had been seen several times in that vicinity and many attempts were made to capture him, but without success. Early yesterday morning the aforesaid gentlemen set out with the determination to kill him which they did! The bear will be skinned and the hide tanned.—Kane Republican, Wednesday.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Rogation Sunday) the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. There will be a sermon in the morning on "The Conditions of Acceptable Prayer," and in the evening on "The Law that Governs Prayer." Services on the Rogation Days, May 16, 17, 18, at 9 a. m., and on May 19, Ascension Day, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The choir will sing Monk's Service in C and Hopkins' festival anthem, "Lift up Your Heads, O Ye Gates," on Ascension Day.

—The plans and specifications for the proposed Roller Desk Works calls for a main building 50x170 feet, 3 stories high and a basement, together with a large dry kiln and engine and boiler house on each side of the main building. All of it will be an imposing structure, and will add materially to the looks of our town. Bids are being received for both brick and frame work with the chances in favor of the former material being used. There are already several of our contractors and builders figuring on the job. Kane Republican.

—Last Sunday the B., R. & K. officials ran a special train to Ormsby for the accommodation of those who desired to see the reserves of Company C, Bradford, on their way to Mt. Gretna. On arriving at Ormsby the train containing the soldiers was surrounded and the boys were given a rousing send-off. E. M. Kerns, one of the reserves, was captured by the Smethport delegation and overwhelmed with handshakes and well wishes. After a stop of ten minutes the train left for Kane amid the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled crowd.

—While the MINER has the greatest admiration for the efforts the ladies of our town are putting forth for beautifying the borough and keeping the streets clean, we are inclined to believe that the last project of placing barrels along the streets to dump rubbish in will not prove a success. We sincerely hope it will, but the mischievous small boy and smart alecks will have their fling at them. In order to make it a success it will be necessary to set a post and attach the barrels thereto with a lock and chain to prevent them being taken away.

—As the council has secured a place at the lower end of Main street to dump the rubbish there ought to be some arrangement made for removal there. The MINER would suggest that Saturday of each week be selected for cleaning-up day, and that arrangements be made with someone having a team to drive through the streets on that day and those having rubbish to move could hang out a sign to that effect. This would insure us of having clean streets every Sunday. Mr. Green of East Smethport would do the work at a very reasonable figure.

—About 2:30 p. m. last Monday fire was discovered in J. F. Rooney's Water street barn. An alarm was sounded and our gallant hose boys responded with their usual alacrity and soon had the fire under control. As the flames had gained considerable headway when discovered and the building is surrounded on three sides by inflammable wooden structures great credit is due the firemen for stopping the fire where they did, only the upper portion of the barn being destroyed. There was an insurance of about $300 on the building and contents.

—Keep your eyes peeled for the sharpers who are trying to work the following scheme on the unwary: The snap is worked by two sharpers. One goes through the country on a good bicycle, spots an exchange. When he strikes a lively town he claims to be hard up and offers to sell the wheel cheap to get some money. Farmers' boys admire bicycles and bite readily, paying a small price for a first-class wheel. After a few days the other sharper turns up and claims to be looking for a man who stole his wheel. He describes it well, giving the number and the owner has to part with it. The sharpers raise from $20 to $30 a trip and start for greener fields.

—At Smethport yesterday an Italian made his appearance before Judge Morrison to secure allegiance to the United States. "Who is the Governor of Pennsylvania?" he was asked. "Meesta Hayastinger," was the answer. "Has this country a king or a queen?" he was asked. "He got a King," replied the would-be citizen. "Who is the king?" was the next query. "King Will McKinley," answered the applicant. "Has this country got a war on on hands just now?" was another interrogation. "Yes, he fight a de Spain." "Wonder you fight for Spain?" "No, no —me fight for dem a dollars. Spain a no good." The the court did not think it wise to admit the dusky son of Italy as a citizen of the great republic.—Wednesday's Era.

B. D. Arnold has made an arrangement with John Vanliew to occupy a part of his Water street shop and will move his parcel to it as soon as the latter can get his work and carriages out of it. Mr. Vanliew has been in the shop and facilities for doing work are not to be had elsewhere in the Smethport, Pa., May 12, 1898.

For Sale.

The only ladies' and gents' restaurant in the city, centrally located. Doing a good business. Is to be sold cheap. Good reasons for selling. Address

THE MAIN RESTAURANT,
Box 1000, Olean, N. Y.

A Grand Offer.

The MINER and thrice a week World for the small sum of $1.65, strictly in advance. This gives you 156 papers a year for the above small sum. Send in your subscription at once and get the benefit of this exceptionally low offer.

For Sale.

One of the prettiest Hamblin cigarettes in this section for sale at your own price. An excellent chance for any one. Call at P. C. Pierce's dental office.

Buy our new thimble time for your sickness and wants.
H. C. WHITE, Opera House Drug Store.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. C. B. Young will be a candidate for Lieut. May 21, 28 and 31, 1898.

A. B. Armour & Co. guarantee the American Silver Plate to give 10 years' satisfaction or refund money.

Wood to Cheat it you desire a load of coal for cash call at the Pine Tree Journal, 180 Water street.

The finest of room moulding to select from. Call on C. Koepke, Water street.

If in need of a first-class buggy you know where to go. Ed Daly has just what you want. 14-tf

Smethport Advantages.

There are few towns in the State of Pennsylvania possessed of equal glass ing advantages and no more advantageous than our own town. Natural gas [illegible] Within its confines and through its fertile valley to its confluence with the Tunungwant [illegible] the eastern approaches of the town it presents a most picturesque view from the adjacent hillsides.

Among the many advantages that can be offered are natural gas, coal, lumber, glass and building rock, brick and tile clay, etc., in unlimited quantities.

To parties who, contemplate the erection of industries of any nature we can offer unparalleled inducements. An abundant supply of natural gas, the most economical fuel for manufacturing, is found here. Quarries of the finest of building stone have been opened. The best glass rock in the world is here in inexhaustible quantities. Hardwood of all kinds abounds in near proximity. Clay for the manufacture of brick and tile lies here in endless supply. The brick for many of our large buildings was manufactured here and a better quality can be found anywhere. Our water supply is the purest and best of the country coming from a mountain fresh [illegible] living spring. Smethport stands unsurpassed by any in the State.

All things taken into consideration, no town in the universe can offer more desirable inducements and natural advantages to manufacturers than Smethport. Parties contemplating the erection of any kind of industries and who are seeking a desirable location will find it greatly to their advantage to correspond with the Smethport Board of Trade.

Memorial Day Benefit.

A very good entertainment was given at the opera house last Monday evening for the purpose of raising funds for the proper observance of Memorial Day. The ladies turned out nobly but the gentlemen were conspicuous by their absence. Only four G. A. R. men were present—Judge Morrison, Mr. Christie, Mr. McElroy and Mr. Shaw. As the citizens generally turn out on all occasions that these brave veterans love to honor it would have been infinitely proper for most of them if not all to have attended on such an occasion as the one of last Monday night. The price of admission was not high and there was no reason in the world for them to snub the young people who had labored so hard to please them.

The young boys went through their march and drill most superbly. The fairy drill by the little girls was fine, and when little Zia Brainerd came out dressed as Miss Columbia and sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" it touched a chord of patriotism in the heart of everyone present. Messrs. F. D. Gallup and E. H. Mayo gave short but very interesting talks. The entire audience sang "Marching Through Georgia" and "America." Although they were not always in perfect accord, yet they made up in enthusiasm for the lack of harmony.

A Successful Term.

Yesterday Prof. W. P. Eckels and his able corps of assistant teachers closed a successful term of school, lasting eight months. The term has passed off quite pleasantly, nothing occurring to mar the good order and harmony that has prevailed from beginning to end. The only regret that Mr. Eckels and the teachers were heard to utter was that the parents and friends of the school showed so little interest, as very few had visited the institution during the term. The only reason that the MINER can give for this neglect is that the parents of the children were thoroughly satisfied that the school could not be improved upon in any manner. But this is not right. The frequent visits of parents and friends to a school acts as an incentive to incite the children to greater efforts. So there is a duty devolving upon the parents as well as the children in aiding the teachers to successfully discharge their duties. See to it hereafter that the teachers and children are quite frequently encouraged by your presence in the school room.

With Purchase a Flag.

The following letter, which explains itself, will afford a great deal of satisfaction to every citizen of McKean county at the present time, when the atmosphere is so full of patriotism and love for old glory:

Mrs. Helen S. Morrison, Secretary Smethport Village Improvement Society:

DEAR MADAM:—The County Commissioners, desiring to accede to the request of the Village Improvement Society of Smethport, Pa., and numerous other citizens of McKean county, together with a realization of duty, have this day decided to purchase a flag 10 by 15 feet in size, all wool bunting, and cause the same to be placed in proper position on the court house square.

Respectfully,
County Commissioners
McKean County, Pa.
Phil May 5, 1898.

Remarkable Horses.

Mrs. Harriet Cornish, Smethport, Pa., has a pair of horses that are remarkable for their intelligence. [illegible] Mrs. Cornish [illegible] and they will [illegible] Mrs. Cornish [illegible] and they will [illegible] Mrs. Cornish [illegible] and they will

...ing a tree.
...ho plants a tree
...ps up through storm blindly
...ght;
...ts unfold into kindness free.
...He won't die most ofttalk
...From the ebbs of time
...Into heavenly sublime.
...Plant them promptly, these little trees,
...What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Prunes a pity;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong.
He whose shelter throng
Choristers blithe with song.
...ll them comfort but know, those happy
...lves,
...f the bliss that shall inhabit them.

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and sapling murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
...Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed one,
...f the benedictions thou shalt be,

He who plants a tree
He plants youth
...Vigor runs for centuries in sooth;
...Lusty of limb, that hints eternity!
...Spindle their strength upriver,
...Every change every year
...The old growths appear.
...Thou shalt behold the sons, sturdy tree,
...Vitality of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
...Cycles of existence spreading out above
...Wayfarers, he ready not live to see
...Gifts that grow are best;
...Hands that bless are blest;
...Plant; life does the rest!
...Heaven aid earth help him who plants
...a tree,
...And his work its own reward shall be.
—Lucy Larcom.

RESOLVED.

"If you please, ma'am, could I speak to you for one minute?" asked Mrs. Locksley.

Theodora Dale started from the deep reverie in which she was buried, and looked up with large, startled eyes.

"Certainly, Mrs. Locksley," said she. "What is it?"

"It's about the rent for the rooms, Miss Dale, said the landlady, drawing herself up with a little jerk. "Two good months you've occupied 'em, and it stands to reason, ma'am, as a hard-working widow woman, as has only herself to look to, wants to see the color of her money. Not as I could have worried you, ma'am," with a half-relenting glance toward Theodora's deep mourning garments, "while the poor major lay ill, nor yet while he was being buried, but——"

Theodora looked pained; the deep reddish dyed her cheeks.

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, Mrs. Locksley," she said, "but I was, of course, obliged to settle the undertaker's bill at once, and that has taken all the ready money which I had at command. I have written to my husband's relatives, however, and I expect remittances very shortly, ahem——"

Mrs. Locksley compressed her lips. "I've heard that same thing from my lodgers before, ma'am," said she. "All I ask my is that I would very much like to have the bill paid as soon as possible."

"It shall be paid to-night, Mrs. Locksley, without fail," said Theodora, her cheeks burning even hotter than before. And the instant the door closed upon the short, stout figure of the landlady, she let her head fall upon her clasped hands, and burst into tears, tears that were almost like scalding fire, so scalding and bitter were they.

Theodora Dale had been married only three months. She had been a schoolgirl of fifteen at Madame Bonnard's establishment, just out of Miss——, when Major Lionel Dale saw and admired her at the Springs. He made some careless inquiries about the young beauty with the gazelle-like eyes, curled lips and blue-black hair that clustered so low upon her forehead, and learned, in an incidental sort of way, that she was an orphan, looking at the expense of Madame Bonnard herself for a governess.

"Hang it!" said Major Dale, "she's too pretty for that! I'll marry her!"

Little Theodora Mayder, who had already felt all playing with her dolls, and was heartily sick of Madame Bonnard's sanctions on the one side, and the monotonous tyranny of the children on the other, was half frightened, half pleased, when the handsome, middle-aged major proposed matrimony to her.

"But I am so young!" she pleaded, with sometimes and tears succeeding each other on her cheeks.

"Then are the prettiest little half thing-ified in the world," the major had always answer, gallantly.

Madame Bonnard spoke a word or two of warning to her.

"Child," said she, "beware what you are about. He is three times your age—he gambles. It is true that he is very, very rich, but——"

"Rich enough to satisfy even a salary hiring," retorted Theodora.

Within the old.

Within the end of the three months Major Dale bought a horse. Meg Merrilies was sent away with him and lifted upon Theodora, not yet sixteen, a widow.

Not soon enough she wrote to her schoolmates, whom she had left behind, and now, upon their October vacation, she was expecting an answer to her letter.

Madame Bonnard spoke a word or two of warning to her. Face as pretty as yours ought to be kept out of the sun, child," she said, "and you ought to be in bed at this hour. Your complexion will be ruined."

Theodora laughed nothing but her own thoughts as she hurried across the corridor to her room. Dale's compliments and flattering folly who beguiled his young wife into a secret marriage, and he was consequently of opinion that her taste in the husband-hunting line need reformation."

Her self-satisfied sweet, this gratification, was all.

Theodora sat pale and silent. She knew that her husband did not care a farthing to his relatives much, generally speaking, the subject when she introduced it, but she had never dreamed that he had allowed them to think of more advantageous match that had contributed to entice him into a disadvantageous marriage. She had long since discovered that Lionel Dale was a thoroughly selfish man, but she had never dreamed how selfish.

At this blow, sharp and sudden as it was, she gathered her to further exertions. She sat in her seat, went out to the concert, and said her watch to Lionel's wedding present, a handsomely chased, one-third of the price of which she paid her bill at Madame Bonnard's.

"Keep your garden, ma'am," said the landlady's lawyer, "but what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to give music lessons," said Theodora.

"Bless me!" said the lawyer, with a start, fresh voice, like a bird or a brook, that quite startled the man of law, used to hear things that quite startled other people.

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"Why, child," said the Signora Theodora Dalli, with a laugh.

"What?"

"It is my fancy."

"Your will is my law," protested Mr Dale. So he wrote a very pretty and poetic declaration of love, upon tinted paper, and sent it to the signora's suite of apartments at a private hotel.

The same evening he received the very letter which had come to Lionel Dale's widow that October sunset, with its penciled bit of sarcasm. And under it was written:

The young lady who beguiled Mr. Chandos Dale's brother into a secret marriage has needed no assistance from his relatives. The Signora Dalli—otherwise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the inclosed compliments, and has the honor to bid Mr. Chandos Dale farewell.

Theodora never enjoyed anything so much in all her life as she did the writing of this letter!

She had conquered her own fortune now. She was indebted to no one. And the next month she was married to a young Sicilian gentleman, who had followed her bright eyes half over two continents.

While Mr. Dale had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought out his own destiny.

An Incident of Decatur's Capture of the Frigate Macedonian.

This is the story of a young sailor who lived two generations before young Dan Wallingford, who gave his complete fortune of 48 cents to build a new battleship to replace the Maine. His first name was Bill and his last name is withheld. The incident occurred in the eventful year of 1812, on board our frigate United States, when, under Capt. Decatur's skillful command, she captured after "long shot" action, the British frigate Macedonia, bringing her a prize to New York. Decatur got a gold medal from Congress in recognition of the capture, and this is what a Vermont newspaper, printed in the year of Waterloo, tells of Bill's part in this sea fight:

On board Decatur's ship was a little boy, about 9 years old. He was not considered one of the regular crew, but he shared the mess of a generous sailor who had two years before taken him from his widowed mother. The spirit of his father, who had also been a seaman, had long since gone aloft, and of his widow and little ones on the shores of poverty. When the Macedonian hove in sight and all hands were preparing ship for action the little fellow stepped up to Commodore Decatur.

"And it please you, Captain," he said, "I wish my name might be put down on the roll."

"And what for, my lad?" inquired the commander.

"So that I can draw a share of the prize money, sir," said he.

Pleased with the spirit and confident courage of the little hero, his name was ordered on the list; but the moment was too important to say more. After the prize was taken Decatur thought of the little sailor boy and called him up.

"Well, Bill," said he, "we have taken her, and your share of the prize, if we get her safe in will be about $200. What will you do with it?"

"I'll send one half of it to my mother, sir, and the other half shall send me to school."

"That's noble," cried the Commodore.

Delighted with the spirit of the lad, he took him under his immediate protection, and obtained for him the birth of a midshipman. Every attention is given to his education, and he gives great promise of making an accomplished officer."

Webster's Bargain Day.

A sharp Nantucket man had a small case which was to be tried at Nantucket one week in June, and he posted to Webster's office in great haste. It was a contest with a neighbor over a matter of considerable local interest, and his pride as a Briganf was at stake. He told Webster the particulars and asked what he would charge to conduct the case.

"Why," said Webster, "you can't afford to hire me. I should have to stay down there the whole week, and my fee would be more than the whole case is worth. I couldn't go down there for less than $1,000. I could try every case on the docket as well as one, and it wouldn't cost any more, for one case would take my time for the entire week, anyway."

"All right, Mr. Webster," quickly responded the Nantucketer. "Here's your $1,000. You come down and I'll fix it so you can try every case."

Webster was so amused over this proposition that he kept his word. He spent the entire week in Nantucket, and appeared on one side or the other in every case that came up for a hearing. The shrewd Nantucketer hired Daniel out to all his friends who were in litigation, and received in return about $1,500, so that he got Webster's services for nothing and made a good profit to boot.

To Handle Hot Plates.

Hot plates can be lifted by a pew wrench without any danger of burning the hands, two wire frames being attached to a handle, with nuts frames adjusting to a dozen, to fit different sized plates.

A YARN FOR HUNTERS

STORIES OF GAME THAT RAISED A MAN FROM HIS DEATH BED

Found That He Possessed in the Morning an Abundance for Other Chases Once in Its Grasp and Thanks to Its Reviver Lost Breath—His Last Quarry.

Dr Tranish with his instruments and his little bottles of powders and liquids usually made the round of calls in religion once a month. When he approached the shack of Lias Atkins on this November day he felt some misgivings for everything seemed so still and quiet. Mrs. Archer opened the door to him and answered his query of greeting in a sorrowful tone.

"I don't understand why he shouldn't have quite recovered by this time," said the doctor. "Did you give him the drops regularly?"

"Yes, but a heap come."

"A heap? What——"

"First day after you left Lias was doin' there what you call speechless, an'—an——"

"Unconscious. Yes, he was pretty low down, but still——"

"He was doin' there when Ben Giddings come in an' told about seein' a elk up near the timber line. Next I knowed Lias had his gun down an' was streakin' up the mountain half dressed. Said no bear was goin' to take advantage of his helpin' sick an' come feedin' round the house that-away. He got the deer, but three men had to hold him in bed on account of his craziness for five days."

"Naturally, with such exposure——"

"He'd just about come to his sense, when Ashcroft, who come down to set up with him, told me about seein' elk tracks by the crick. Ashcroft spoke soft an' low an' didn't mean no harm, but Lias heard him in his sleep and riz up an' throwed bedclothes all over the house; knocked Ashcroft down an' pushed me away as easy as though I was some kind of a thing on hinges. Then he got that gun an' went out on a run. Had just his shirt on."

"Good land! Why, that was enough to kill him, with snow eight inches deep."

"At least a foot deep. Ashcroft an' three men hunted him all that day an' night. He'd followed that elk over nigh the Tetons. He was plumb dead when they brung him back, but the elk was dead, too."

"What! Lias dead? I thought——"

"He was dead then, but he come to next day an' went out of his head ag'in an' then stretched out, an' we all thought he was really gone. The boys come to watch with him an' plan his funeral, an' whilst they was talkin' Ed Groby said Harvey Wade had told some one who had told him that seven mountain sheep had been noticed up nigh the tip of the Thumb, sixteen miles away. They hain't been no mountain sheep nigh these parts for ten years. A hunter like Lias is—a man to set heart an' soul—would foller mountain sheep for hundreds of miles."

"I know. They are great game."

"They are, sure. Well, doctor, when Ed Groby said them words there come a kind of quiver of Lias' body an' he opened his eyes an' looked around. I knowed what was comin' an' run for the rifle. But he was too quick. 'Woman!' he yelled at me; 'don't set yerself ag'in me with a chance at mountain sheep.' He had the rifle an' was outside an' a mile away, I guess, afore them scared men knowed what was up. He was gone three days. They brung him home yistiddy. There he is in there."

The doctor went into the other room of the shack and looked at the thin, wasted form before him. He looked at the most notable of all the Teton and Hoback hunters. He looked at the man whose fame extended from the Wind River mountains to Pocatello. He looked, however, at a man who was dying.

"Lias, can you hear me?" he inquired, gently.

The patient smiled back a weak recognition.

"Why on earth did you act so foolish? I thought you'd be well by this time. If you hadn't exposed yourself 10——"

A film seemed to gather over the eyes of the mountain man. Then came the last strength. He rose in bed and gasped:

"Doc, them mountain sheep horns measure twenty-two inches. Ain't another pair like 'em ever been took in these parts. I'll him right above——"

Then he fell back dead.

The Drought of Chimneys.

Many chimneys have defective draught because more pains is taken to make a smooth outside where the mason work shows, than on the inside, where the efficiency of the chimney to carry off superfluous smoke depends on how the chimney was constructed. A well-proportioned chimney should be at least as large at its top as it is at bottom. This rule is often violated, some people having the idea that if the aperture at the top is made smaller the smoke will be forced out more violently. It may seem to be so, but such chimneys will soon clog up by the smoke condensing on their sides, besides throwing a good deal of smoke through the lower rooms of the house.

Projectiles for Big Guns.

Projectiles used by the United States Army for its great modern guns cost as follows: Solid shot, 8-inch, $69.90 each; 10-inch, $144.50 each; 12-inch, $212 each; 12-inch mortar shells weighing 800 pounds, $114 each, and 12-inch mortar shells, weighing 1,000 pounds each, $196 each.

Wooden Shoes in France.

Wooden shoes in France are produced to the extent of about 5,000,000 pairs yearly. They are made in Alsace and Lorraine by machinery, and in Losere by hand. In the last-named province 1,700 persons are engaged in the manufacture, and the yearly product is more than half a million pairs.

800 Miles Between Drinks.

There is not a saloon between Florence, Ala., and Paducah, Ky., on the banks of the Tennessee River. The distance is more than 300 miles, and is said to be the longest of its kind on any navigable river in America.

The Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry's here, says: 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for nine years of long years—am never without it in my family. I look upon it as the best remedy of the kind manufactured.'" It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Everybody Says So.

Lawrence County Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the entire system, dispels colds, fevers, headache, biliousness, constipation and indigestion. Those who have not tried it should get a box of C. C. C. to-day. It is the best and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

English Sparkle Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses. Blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co., Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

The human nightmare starts but once and stops but once. Tutt's Pills keep it going longer and work regularly by using Dr. Tutt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

QUICK-WITTED TARS.

SAILOR LADS WHO RODE 'TIL THE CAISSON AND SAVED THE SHIP.

Explaining Which Reveals Two Heroic Deeds Performed by Lads of Tender Years—Both Awarded Medals—One Receives the Gold of Life Preserver and a Midshipman's Appointment.

A yesterday Apr[illegible] later when we ra[illegible] it above the perils of [illegible] boy. A ramble [illegible] the battleships was overhauling the after magazine and [illegible] shells, ammunition, cans of powder and gun-cotton, and checking boxes, as it were, under the direction of a lieutenant and a gunner's mate. The latter stood looking over the hatch, giving out orders to the men in the magazine, when he accidentally knocked his lantern against the steel side of the hatchway. The spring that held the lamp gave way, and it fell into the pit, bottom-side up and still burning, upon the top of a large tin can of powder. The men in the pit were busy stowing with their backs turned, and did not see the accident. The lieutenant, the gunner's mate and others who were looking over the hatch were stupefied with horror, but, fortunately for that ship and its crew of 500 men, an apprentice boy and his wits with him, and quicker than you can tell it "skinned" down the ladder, seized the lamp, extinguished the flame with his fingers, grabbed the heated can of powder in his arms and sang out: "You lubbers, haul me out this here can in the deck, d— quick!" Two jerks upon a rope lifted the boy and his dangerous burden to the deck, and in an instant he had cast it over the side and the men.

The commander, when the not complaisant of the use of that powder, and the boy knew where the sword of a gunner's mate.

"It was only the other day," said an older officer, "that another gunner's mate, by a bit of swift head and hand work, saved one of the battleships of the North Atlantic Squadron, which is now cruising around Key West, from an awful peril in which it was placed by sheer carelessness. The ship was engaged in big-gun practice at sea, and solid shot were being fired from the main battery. The gunner's mate referred to was stationed in the conning-tower with the skipper. One of the big guns was loaded with a solid shot and the skipper was about to press the electric button held in his hand, when the boy noticed that the breech of the gun was not locked. He might have let loose a yell of warning that would have startled the skipper and caused a contraction of the muscles of the hand that would have pressed the button and discharged the gun, but he had too much sense for that. He did not utter a sound, but with a quick spring he seized the electric wire and broke it with his hands, thus cutting the circuit. Then he sank on the floor of the conning-tower without a bit of blood in his face and as weak as a kitten. The skipper thought he had fallen in a faint or had gone crazy, but the boy recovered himself in a moment and explained how near the captain had come to raking his own deck with a solid shot. If that gun had been fired very little of the ship would have been left, and 100 or 200 men or more, including the captain, would have gone on the list of casualties."

The Prince of Wales' Dinner Table.

Good taste reigns over all the arrangements. Then, the tablecloths are severely plain, though of the finest quality, and simply worked with the royal arms—the rose, the thistle and the shamrock—while the table napkins are invariably folded into a small square to hold the bread, and more in the fancy shapes in vogue elsewhere. To each guest two forks, and no more are provided, and these are placed prongs downward. In addition there are one large tablespoon and one large knife, for in no circumstances are two knives together given to any guest. A great many reasons have been assigned for this rule, but apparently no one has summoned up the courage to ask the royal host and hostess. It has been asserted that his royal highness has the old-fashioned dislike to seeing knives inadvertently crossed. Small water bottles are used, but the princess holds to the Hanoverian habit of never having finger bowls. At Marlborough House dinner begins at 8:45, and is never allowed to last much more than an hour. Occasionally during dinner soft music is played. The menu is always served a la Russe—that is to say, nothing is carved in the dining room.

Old Custom in the Senate.

It has become a custom of the Senate to read the farewell address of Washington every anniversary of the birthday of the father of his country, and Senator Lodge, one of the best elocutionists in the Senate, read it on the 22d. One of the most dramatic presentations of this message to the Senate was several years ago, when it was read by John J. Ingalls. Senator Manderson of Nebraska also read it with great effect and force, and last year Senator Frye had the honor.

4,000,000 False Teeth per Year.

About 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured in the United States, while one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum, to the value of $10,600, are used in filling teeth.

Why Red Irritates Oxen.

Red irritates oxen because it is the complementary color to green, and the eyes of the cattle being fixed so much on herbage, anything red impresses their sight with increased intensity.

A Collection of Human Heads.

A French professor is said to be the owner of a collection of 300 heads, representing the various known races of people on the globe.

Blindness in Great Britain.

In England and Wales one person in every 1,236 is blind, in Scotland one in every 1,438, and in Ireland one in 561.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

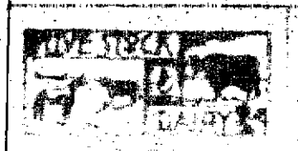
A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. If dyspepsia, sick headache, biliousness, fever, colds and all stomach troubles are caused by indigestion, and Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, and is guaranteed to cure you, it is a sure thing for you to buy a bottle and get well. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

T. F. Amacher, Ex-Postmaster [illegible] Ohio, says: "I have used one bottle of Mexican Mustang Liniment and two boxes of Cascarets and find both good. Can say no better of any medicine." For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists, Smethport.

Both on human [illegible] and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woodward's Gargling Oil. Never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co., Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

Chicago Blind Asylum With Unbreakable Glass Windows. Ever since the Chicago Blind Asylum was built, in 1872, the glass in the windows [illegible]



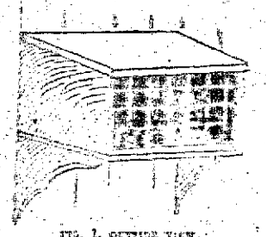


FIG. 1. OPPOSITE VIEW.

convenience on many farms to carry away to the dairy room each pail as soon as it is filled. The sketches show a handy shelf built outside the cattle quarters, but reached from within. As each pail is filled the slide is pushed

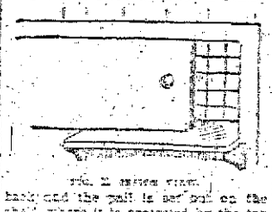


FIG. 2. INSIDE VIEW.

back and the pail is set out on the shelf, where it is protected by the top and the grating from cats, etc, while it is surrounded by pure air. Fig. 1 shows the inside and Fig. 2 the outside arrangement of this ventilated barn milk-closet.

Angora Goats.

For several years past in many of the western states and also in sections farther east experiments have been made with the Angora goats, and the results indicate that the breeding of them will be profitable in any section where sheep are successfully raised. These goats breed and mature about the same time as sheep and require much the same treatment. The fleece of the Angora goat is worth about twenty per cent more than that of sheep, and their flesh is considered by epicures as superior to mutton. They do well better than sheep, as the meat is worth about the same price, and the pelt much more. Angoras and sheep may be raised together, as they never cross breed.

Evolution of the Trotter.

In the evolution of the trotting horse, Mr. A. J. Weston, of Pittsfield, Mass., has traced the predominant influence of one horse—Hambletonian 10 (1849-1875). This influence has extended to 92 per cent. of the 2:10 trotters and 84 per cent. of the 2:10 pacers; and the pacing speed without Hambletonian blood has fallen two seconds behind the best record, and the trotting speed four seconds.

Raised the Test of His Herd.

A Michigan dairyman writes that by judicious breeding and feeding and careful selection by the test, keeping only the best cows and caring for them properly, has in three years raised the test of his herd from less than four per cent to over five per cent, and reduced the cost of butter three cents a pound.

The Cocoa Shown Commendations

[illegible] Cocoa Shown commendations [illegible]

HORTICULTURAL

[illegible]

Growing Strawberries.

Strawberries can be raised on almost any good farm soil, but a rich sandy loam is preferable. Plow the ground in the fall, then in the spring replow and harrow thoroughly, planting as soon as possible after frost is past. Cultivate throughout the season, keeping clean; larger of earth on the top to set as a mulch. As autumn the ground is frozen so that it will bear up a team, cover with hay, straw or coarse manure of any kind. Leave this on until all danger of frost is past in the spring, then rake off the rows and let it remain between them until the berries are picked, after which cut off the plants with a mower and when there is a brisk breeze, burn the whole patch.

Cultivating Orchards.

Orchards will in time exhaust, at least partially, the fertility of the soil, and this exhaustion is especially noticeable on soils which were not especially rich at the time the trees were planted. To make young trees grow more rapidly, a fertilizer should be used, containing a small per cent. of nitrogen (ammonia) mixed with potash and phosphates. For older orchards the nitrogen is not so necessary, while phosphates and potash should be increased, especially the quantity of potash. It is frequently a good plan to stimulate top growth by sowing the orchard to crimson clover in late summer and turning it under in the spring.

How to Have Fine Chrysanthemums.

Vick says a point few amateurs properly understand is that in order to have fine chrysanthemums the plants or clumps must be taken up and divided [illegible] spring, starting every plant for the next season's bloom from a single one of the new shoots that crowd up thickly from the roots. It is easy to break these shoots out with a new root to each one, and when potted they grow rapidly. But if all the shoots of the old root are left to grow as they spring up the result will be a crowded mass of mildewed leaves and sickly shoots, with a few clusters of small flowers. Divide your plants, give away what you can and throw the rest away.

Minerals in Fruits.

Solitaire a part of most fruits is water that we are apt to forget their other constituents, which are chiefly mineral. All fruits require potash for their seeds, and this mineral also seems to be necessary to aid in ripening the fruit. This it probably does by keeping the foliage healthy. Apples, pears and grapes are also benefited by applications of phosphate. With plenty of mineral fertilizers no stable manure will be needed.

A Useful Plant.

English ivy is one of the plants that seems able to take care of itself. Give it good soft water when it needs it, an occasional washing to keep off its fine dust, the scale, and it will cheerfully do without sunlight and bear both heat and cold with equanimity.

Hints For Flower-Growers.

Examine the outdoor rosebeds occasionally to see that the wind has not removed the covering.

Cinders form a good material for covering the floors and paths of the conservatory.

The plants stored for the winter in the cellar have now been in some time. Perhaps they need a little water or other attention.

Frequent cleansing of the leaves of foliage plants, by using tepid water and a sponge, adds to their attractiveness and is essential to the health of the plants.

Just at this time when work with the flowers is very light, is a good time to consider what will be best to plant in the garden. When the proper time comes everything must be in readiness so that no valuable time will be lost.

To clean old flower pots on which green moss and a sort of white mold has grown, scrub them vigorously with sand and water. This will make the pots look bright and new. Use porous vessels only to put plants in. They will do better in such than in tin cans.

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